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Niagara Falls

From

Uncommon

Points of View

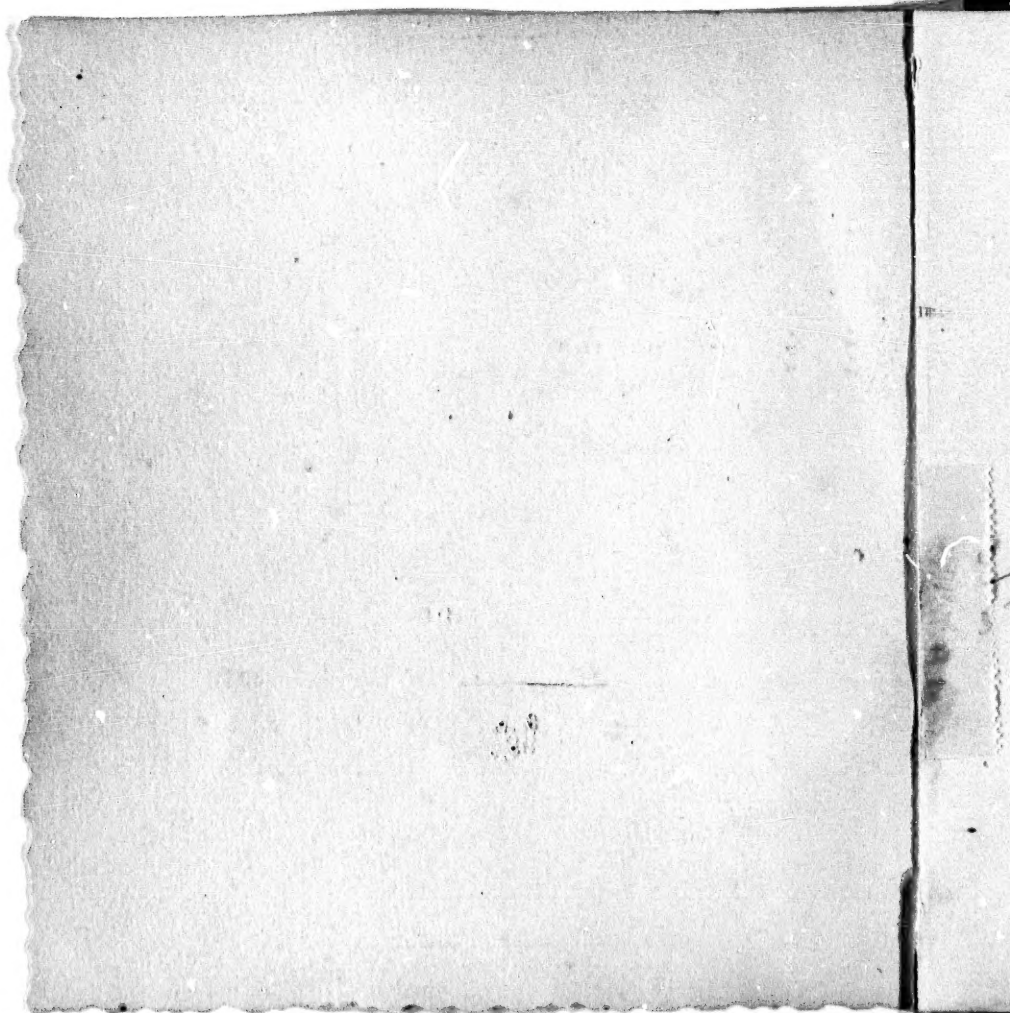
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NIAGARA FALLS

FROM UNCOMMON  
POINTS OF VIEW :

ILLUSTRATED BY EIGHTEEN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK CITY:  
THE PHOENIX ART PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1893

*By Wm  
Channing  
Sandwich*

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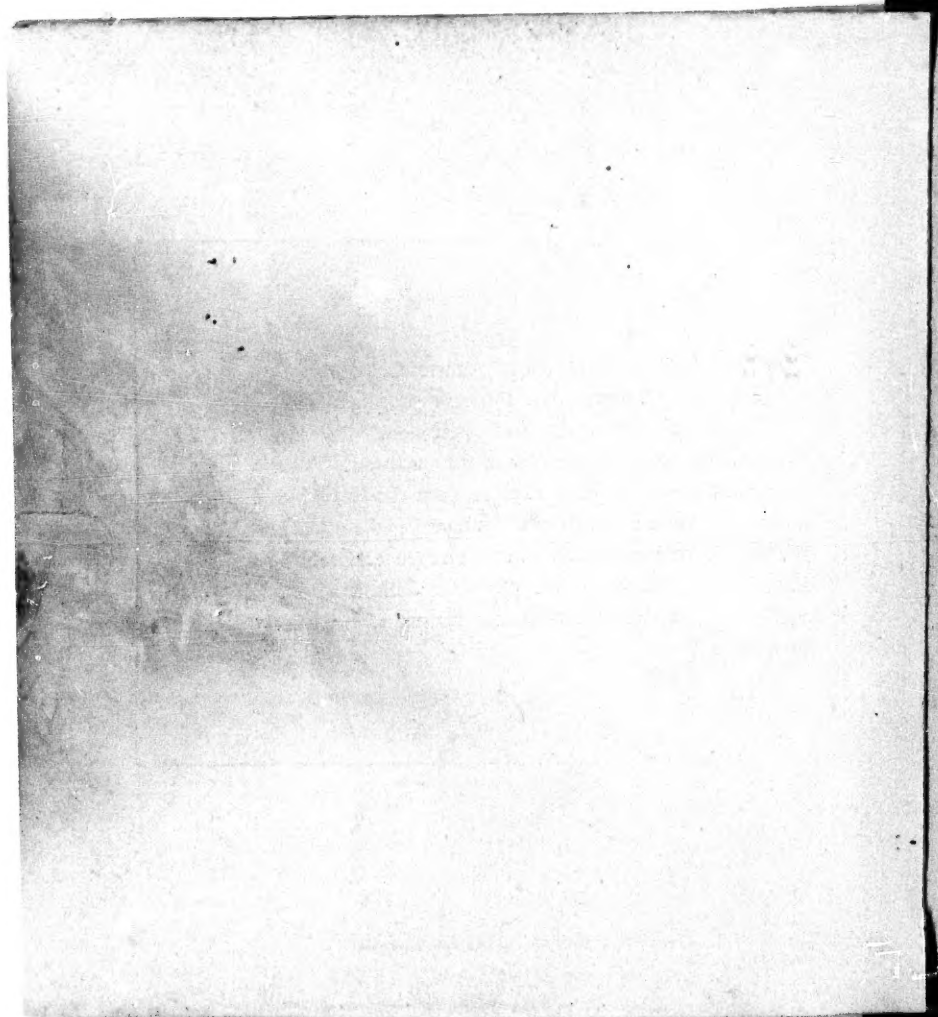
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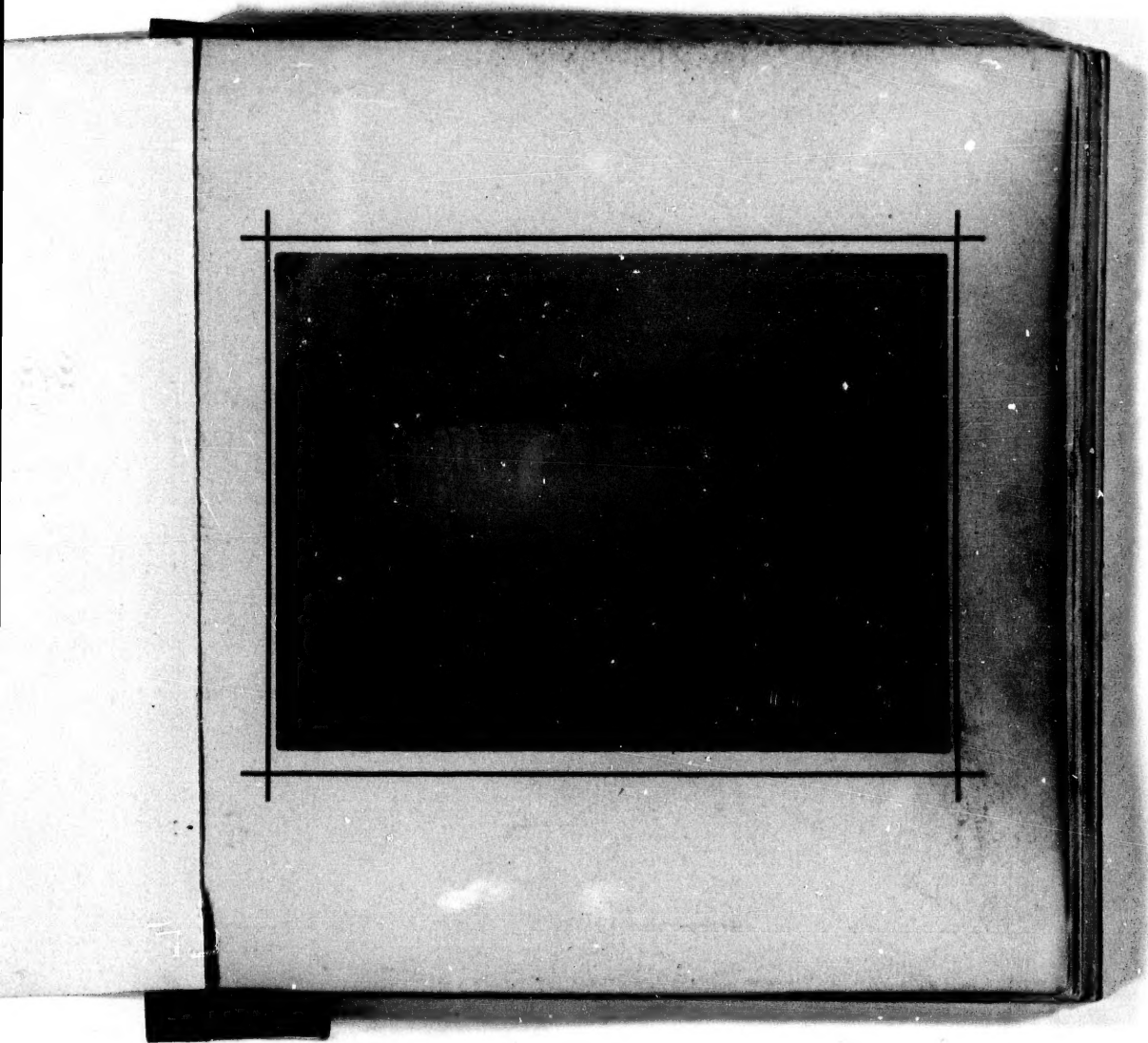
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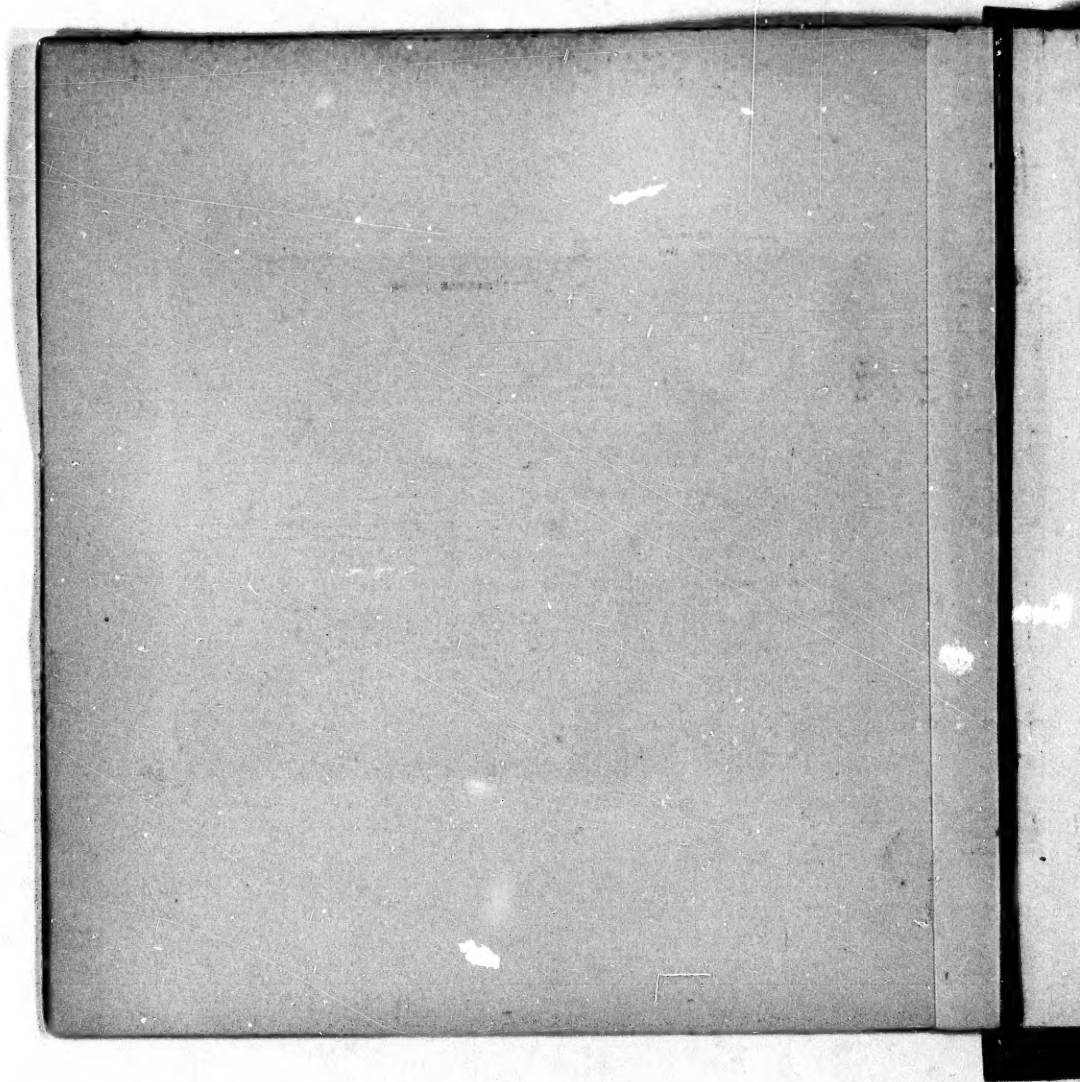
MEMORIES of those seething torrents, pouring as they have poured through countless ages, are ever fresh and heightened by the impassioned terror of the roar of the cataracts. That roar continues in the ears, even as does the turmoil of cities. The one is the hum of humanity; the other is the eternal hum of Nature. In the one we feel foreboding pity; in the other we place our faith, knowing man is mighty, but knowing that Nature is mightier than man.







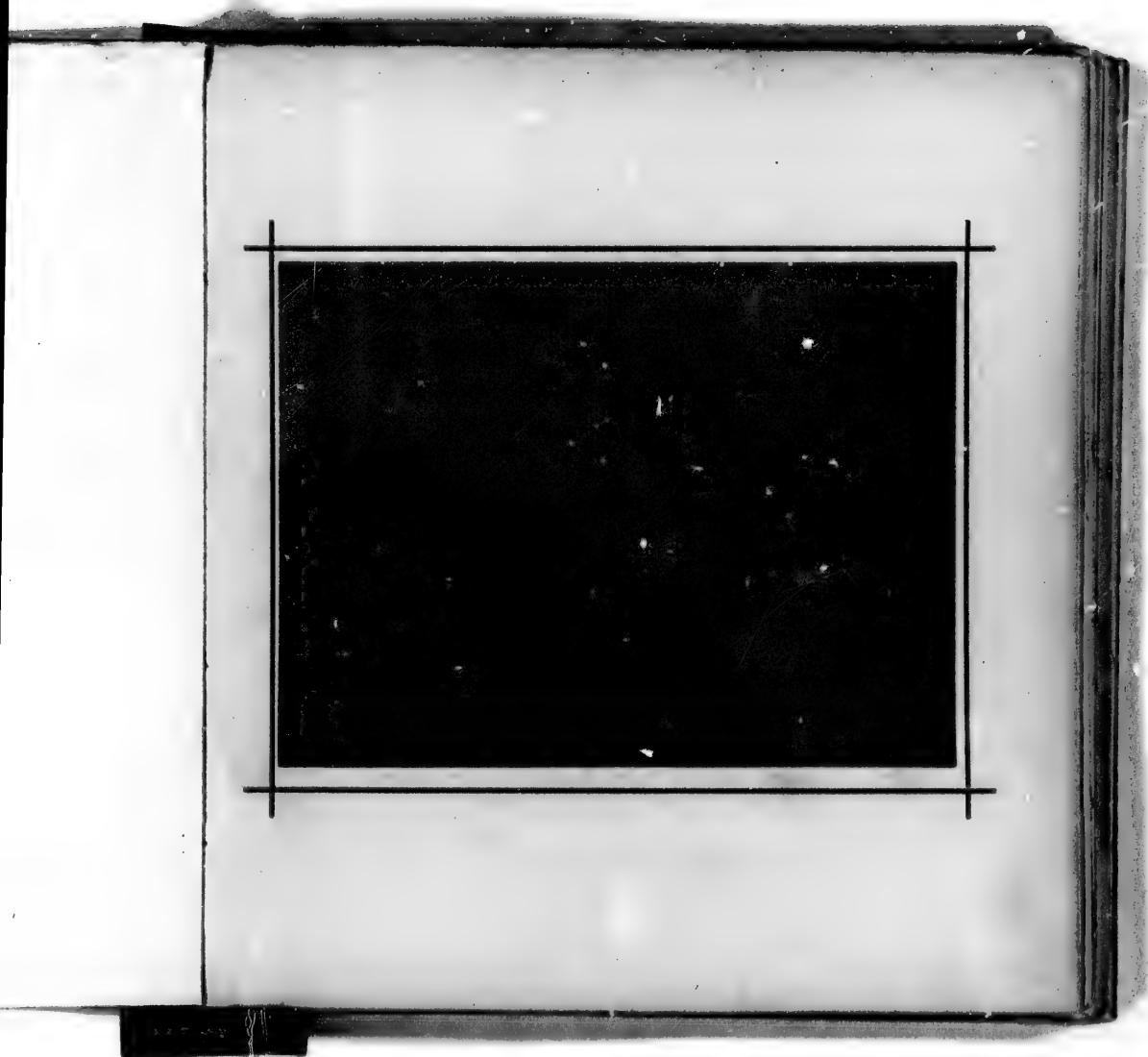


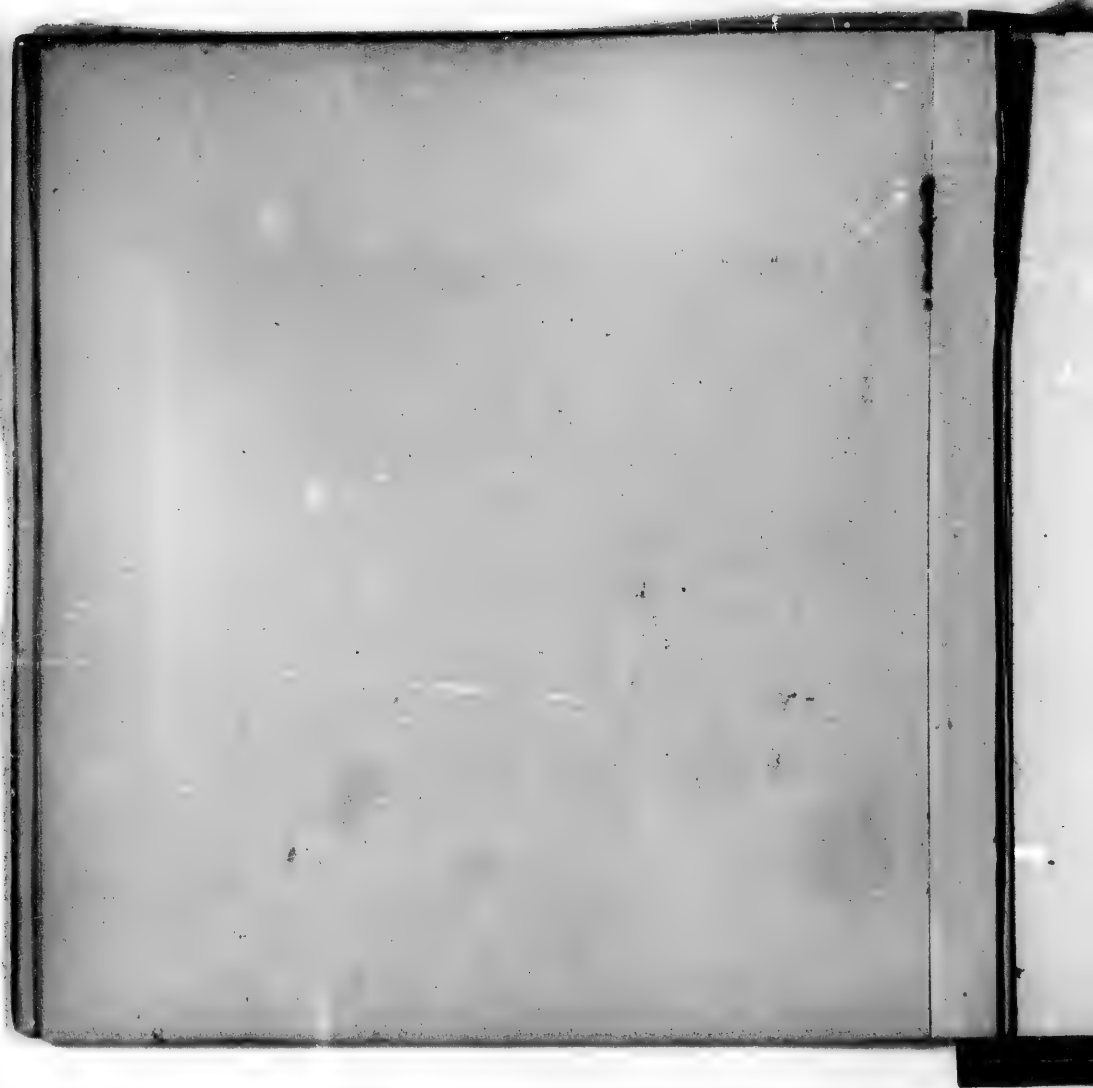


At the Brink.

**N**O BROOK flows more peacefully. Only from below arises the ceaseless plunging of the waters. Emerald green and blue slightly tinge these Falls, breaking upon the lesser crags in its descent; the spray, gleaming in the rays of Sol, again breaking into the diamond dust of the mist. Afar off, the Horseshoe Falls, with their unalterable azure green, entice one onwards, lest the flow subside ere the sight is satiated.

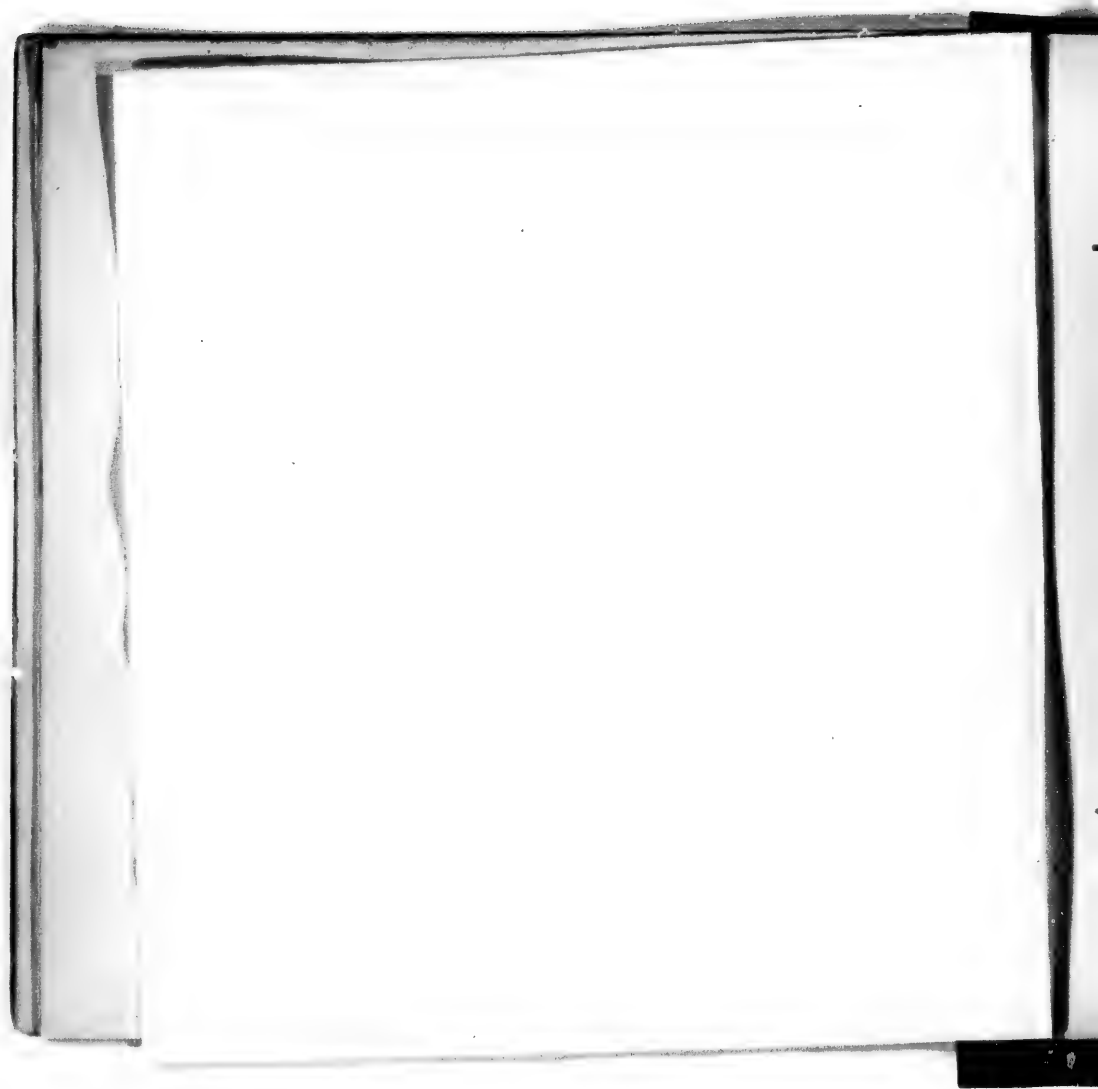






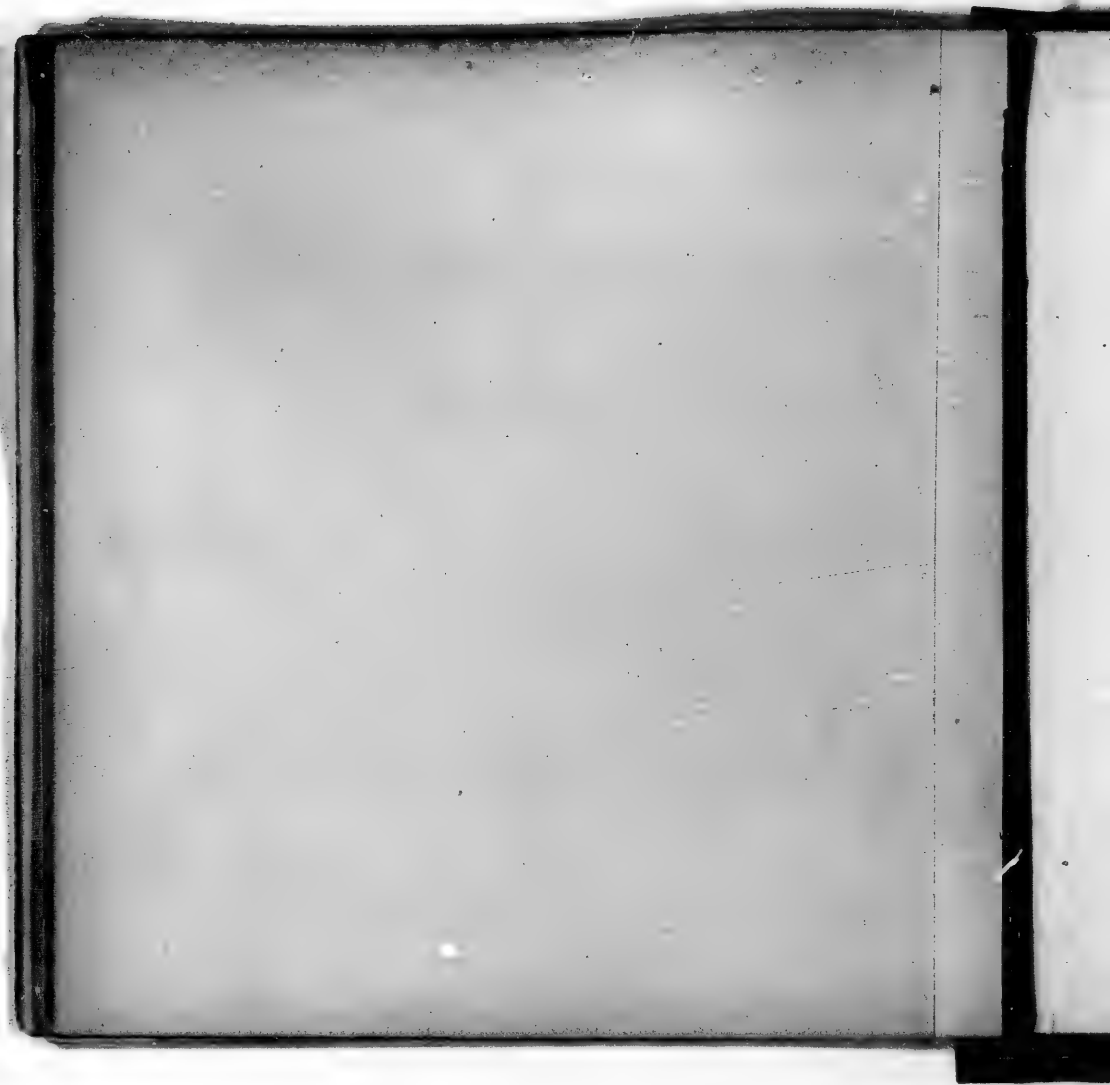
from Prospect Park.

RECEDING, only the gentle flow remains to thrill the ear, as if the enchanting voice of the sirens whispered, "Come back, come hither, come back!" Yonder are other sirens; heed not the recall.



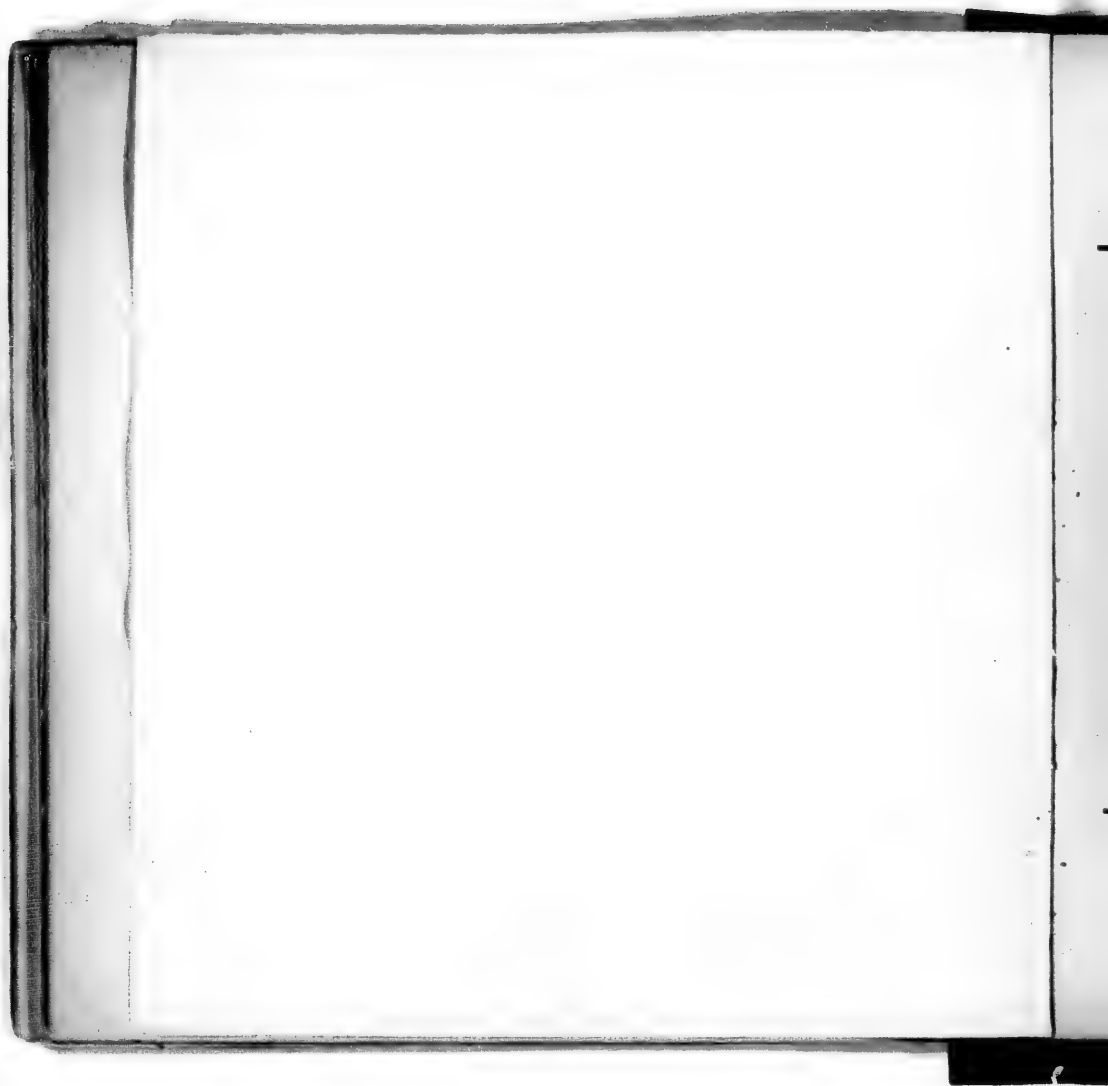




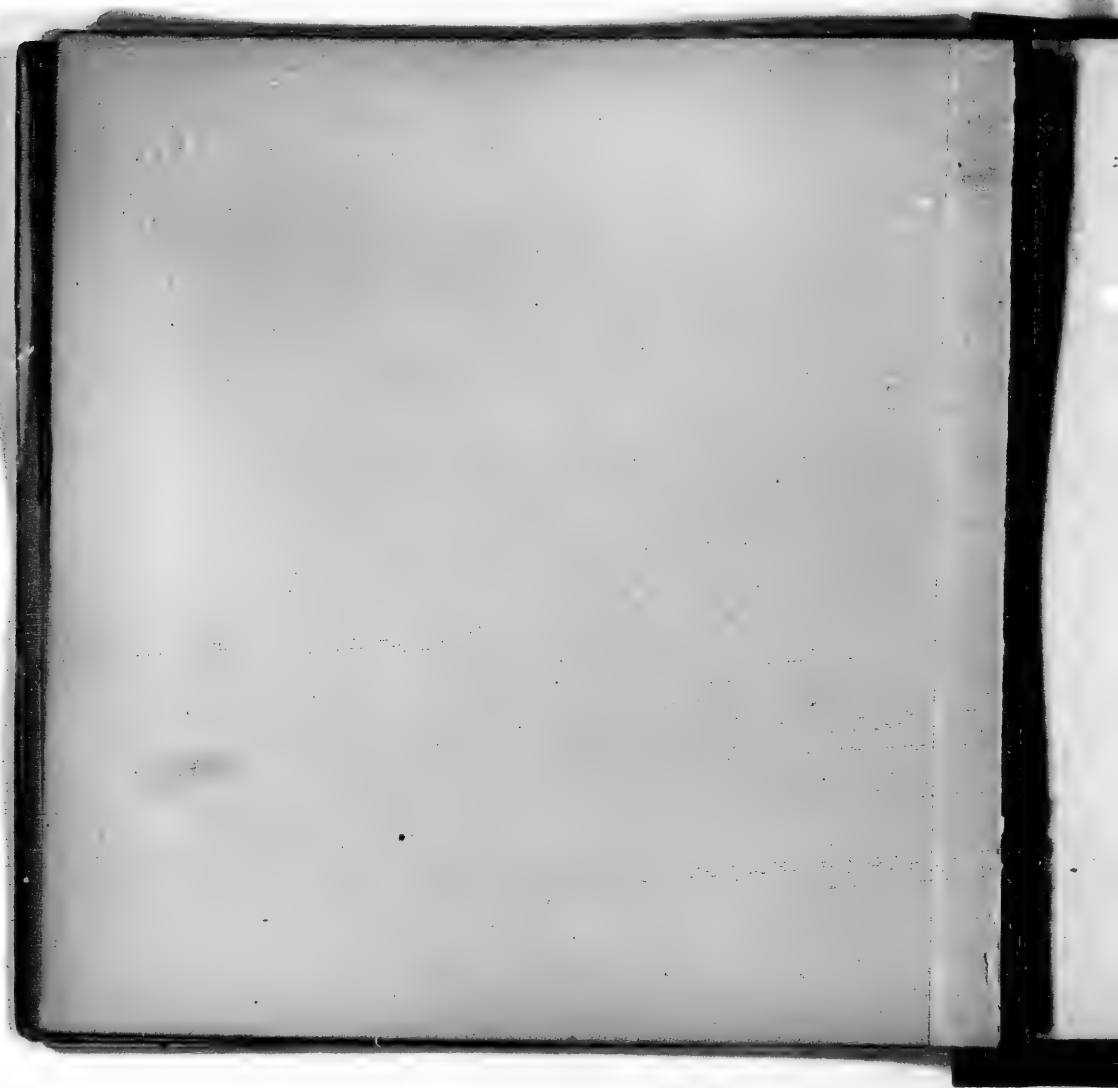


The Bridge from Bath Island  
to Goat Island.

EVERYWHERE such falls as these command our obeisance to Dame Nature, who adorns great wonders with the beauty of majesty, and her lesser marvels with the beauty of simplicity. The lichen-covered rocks gleam beneath the crystal water, which dashes into foam o'er every jag and through every crevice.

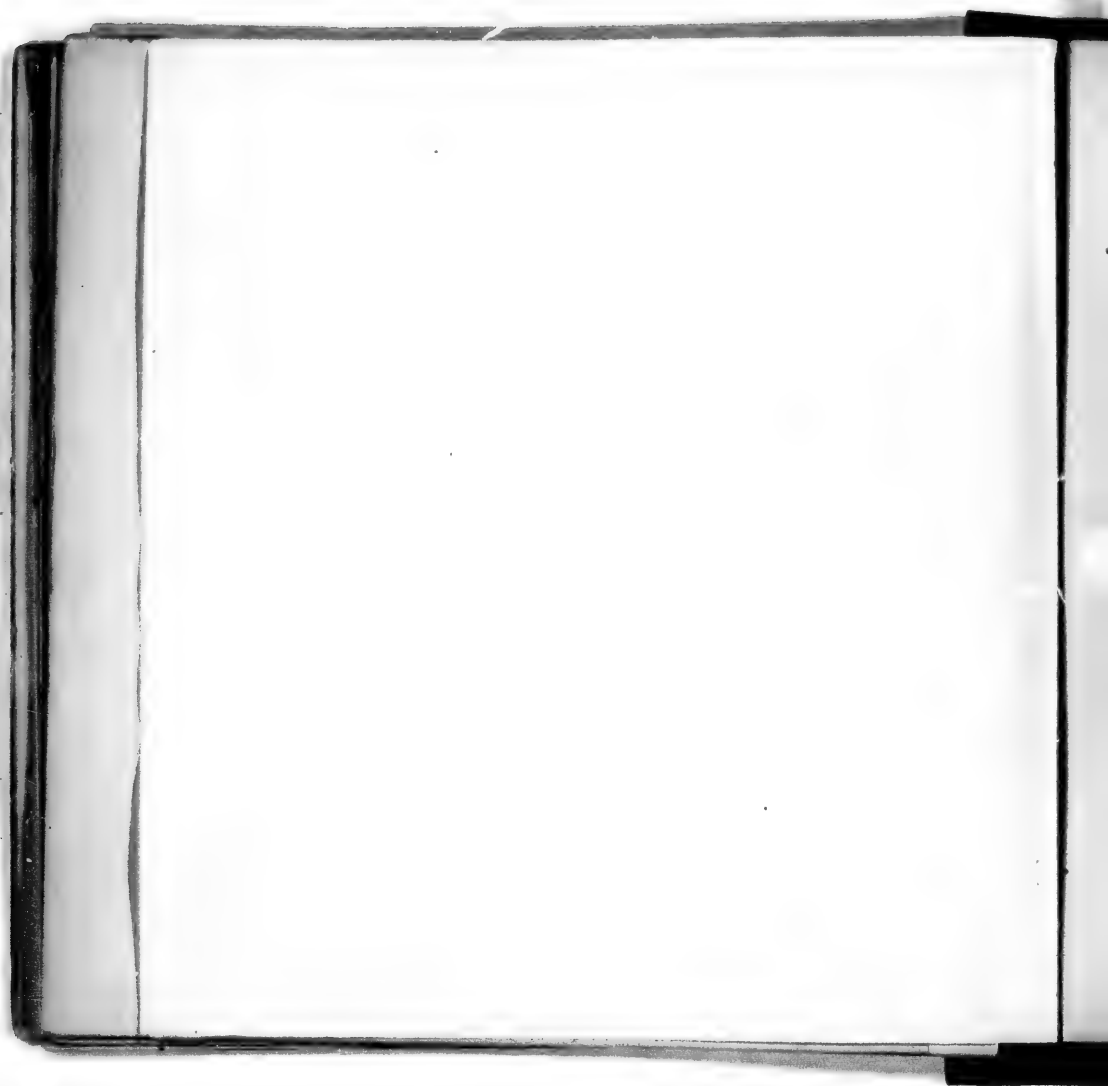




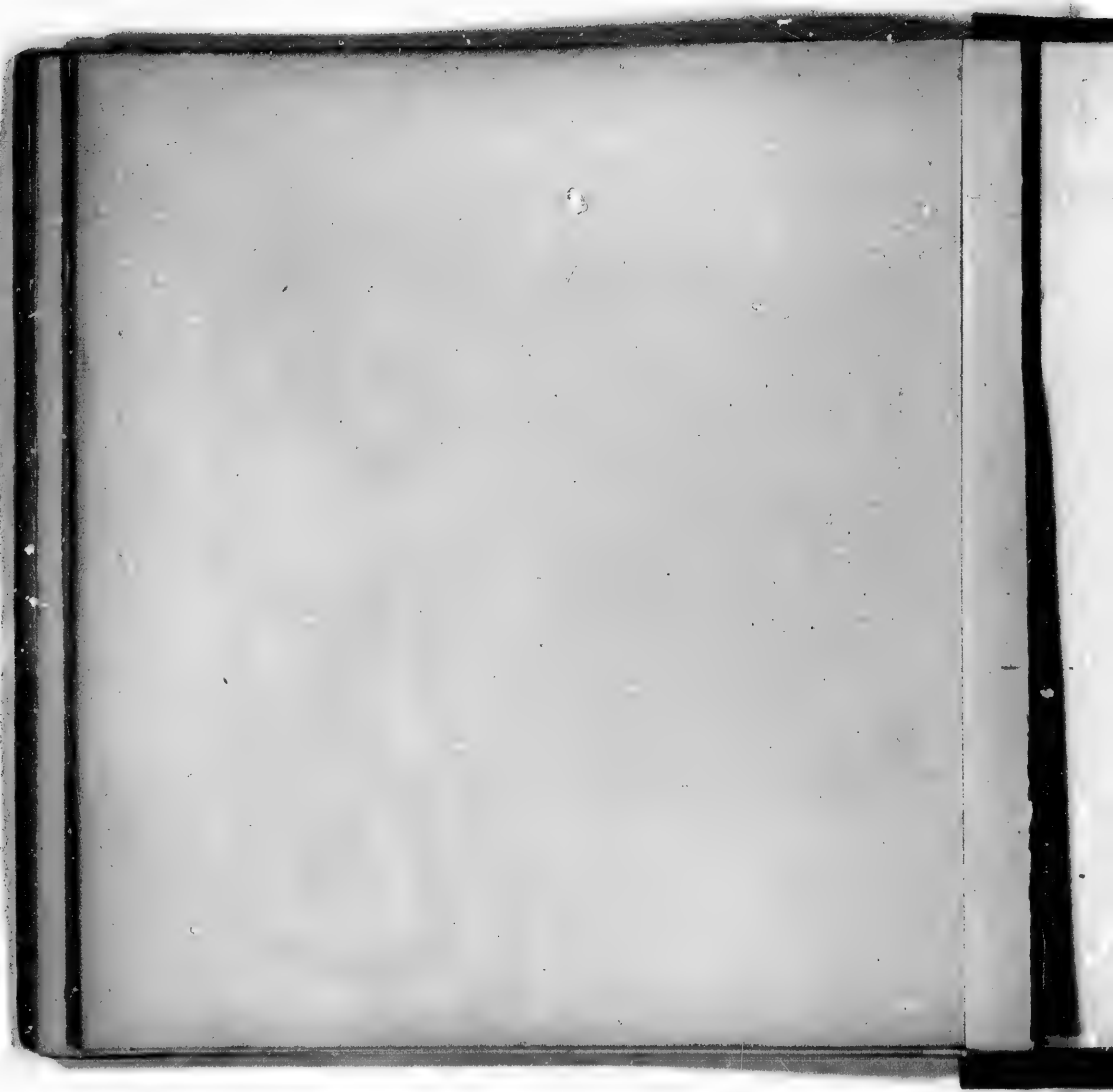


BENEATH the bridge, the sere rocks, dripping with  
spray, the overhanging weeds, the glimpse  
of the pines, the bleak ledges o'er which the  
water flows,—these are the simple charms of a beauty  
undefiled by the touch of man.



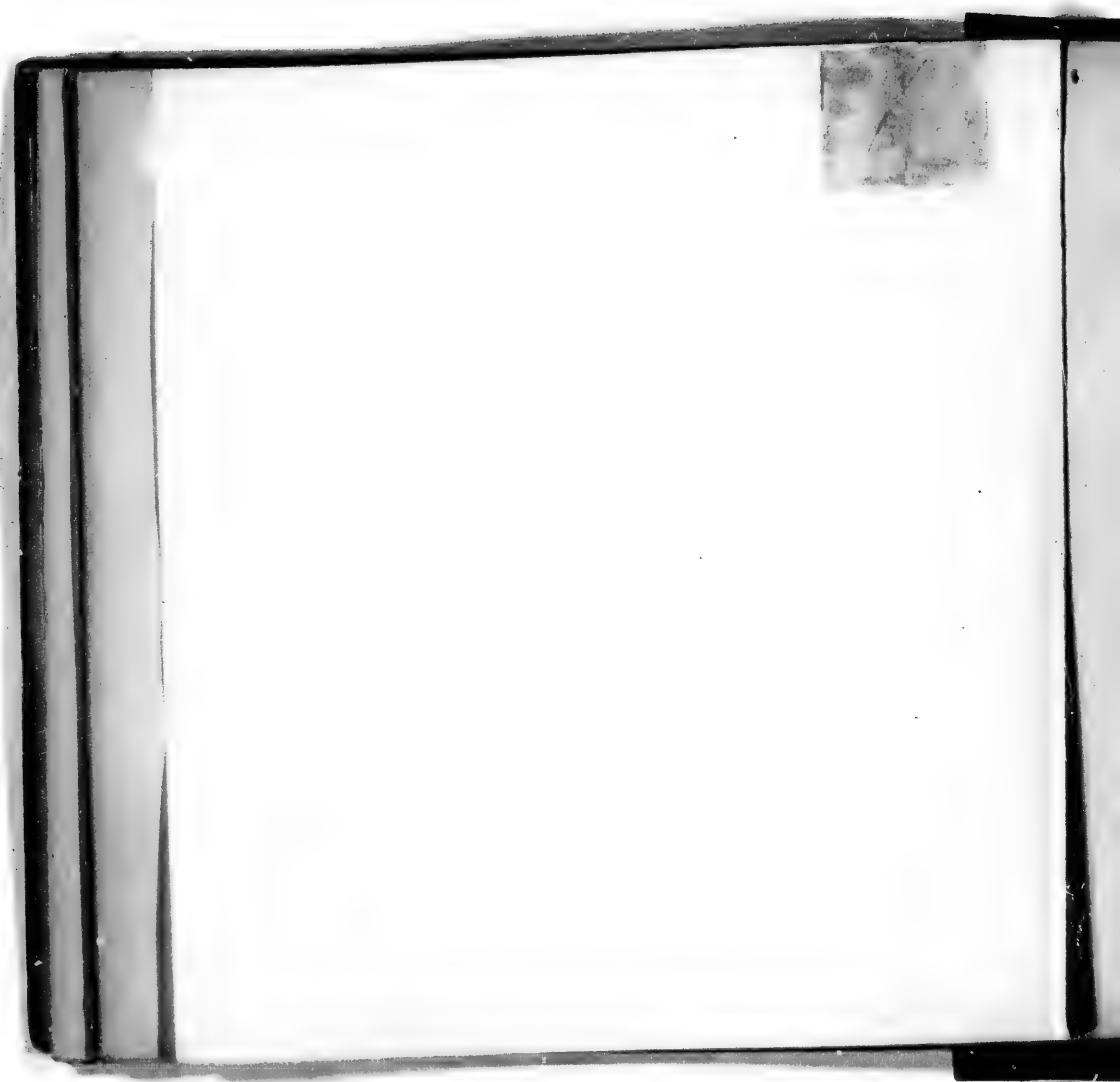


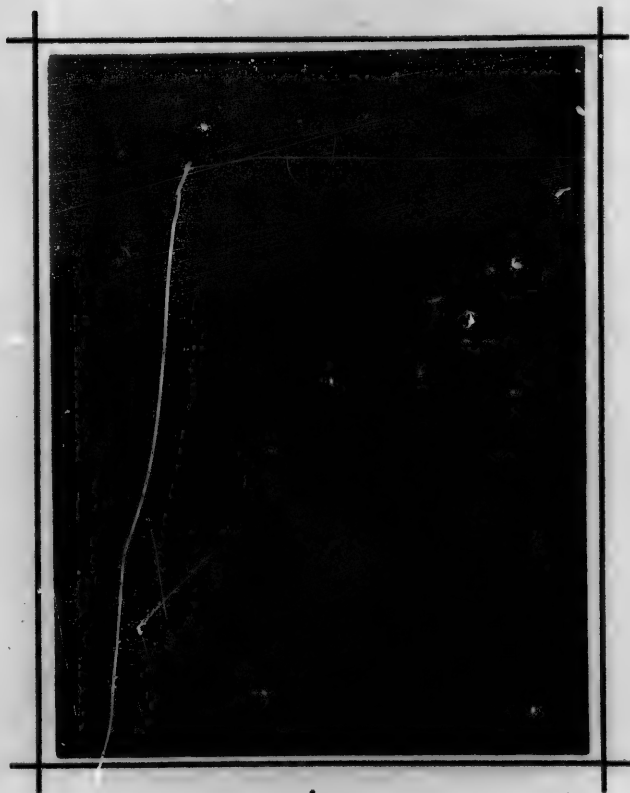




Looking up the American  
Rapids.

*H*ERE the water, twisted and hurled hither and  
yon, scuds around Brig Island, a mere clump  
of dingy rocks and luxuriant pines and  
birches.





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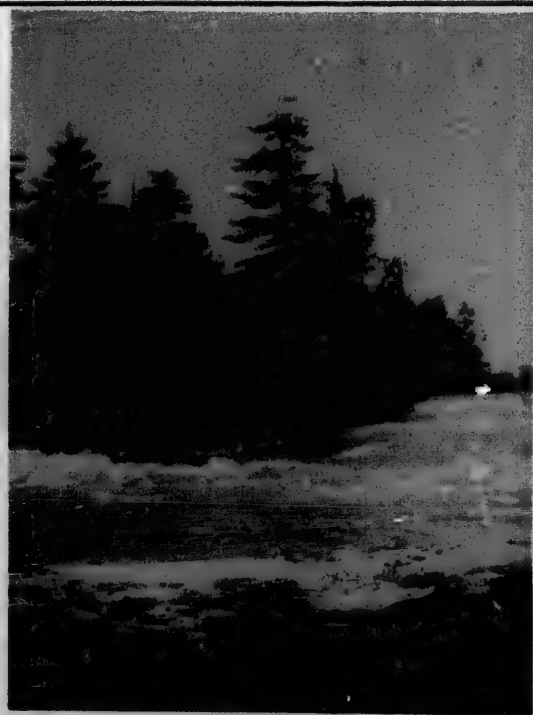


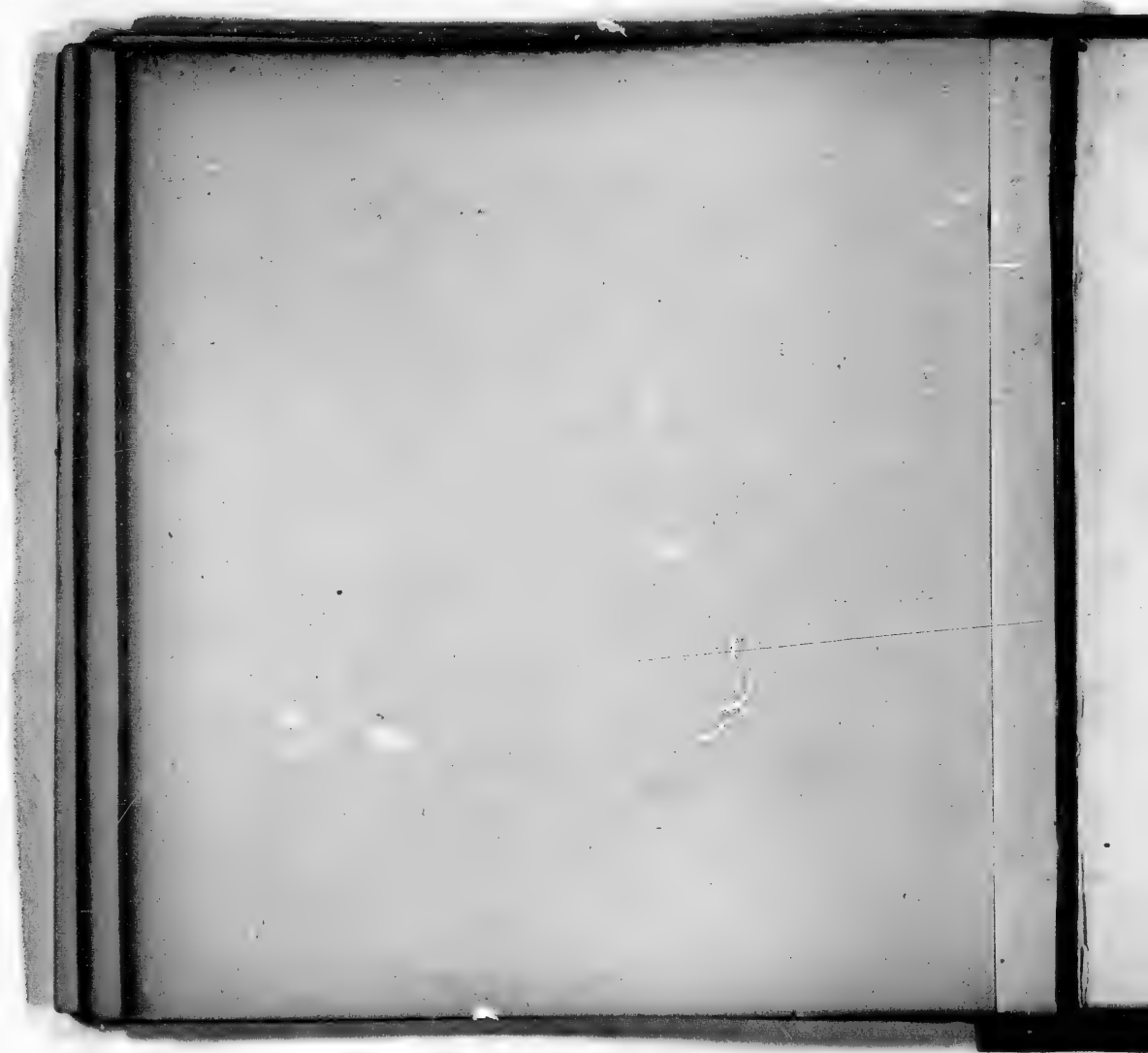


From Goat Island, North.

NEW charms to win the idolatry of mankind, are everywhere. But the spirit of man must be in sympathy with the spirit of the hour, awakening to the sweetness of Virtuous Beauty.

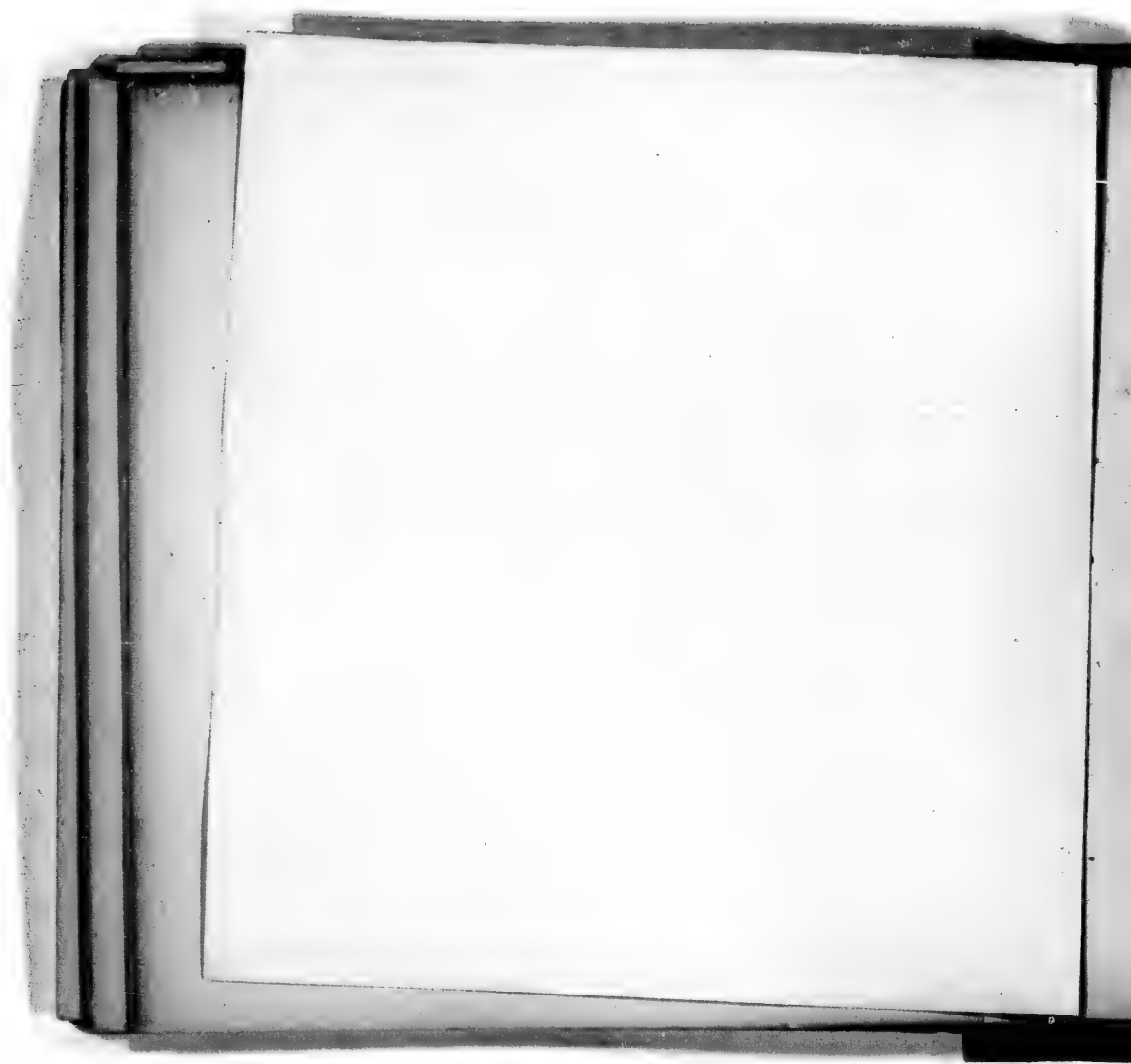






### The Parting of Waters.

IT is more impressive than the sea, whose upheavals are terrible, whose calm is monotonous. It entrances the ear with its melodies amid the uproar, its erratic leaping, its harmonious sway from ledge to ledge.

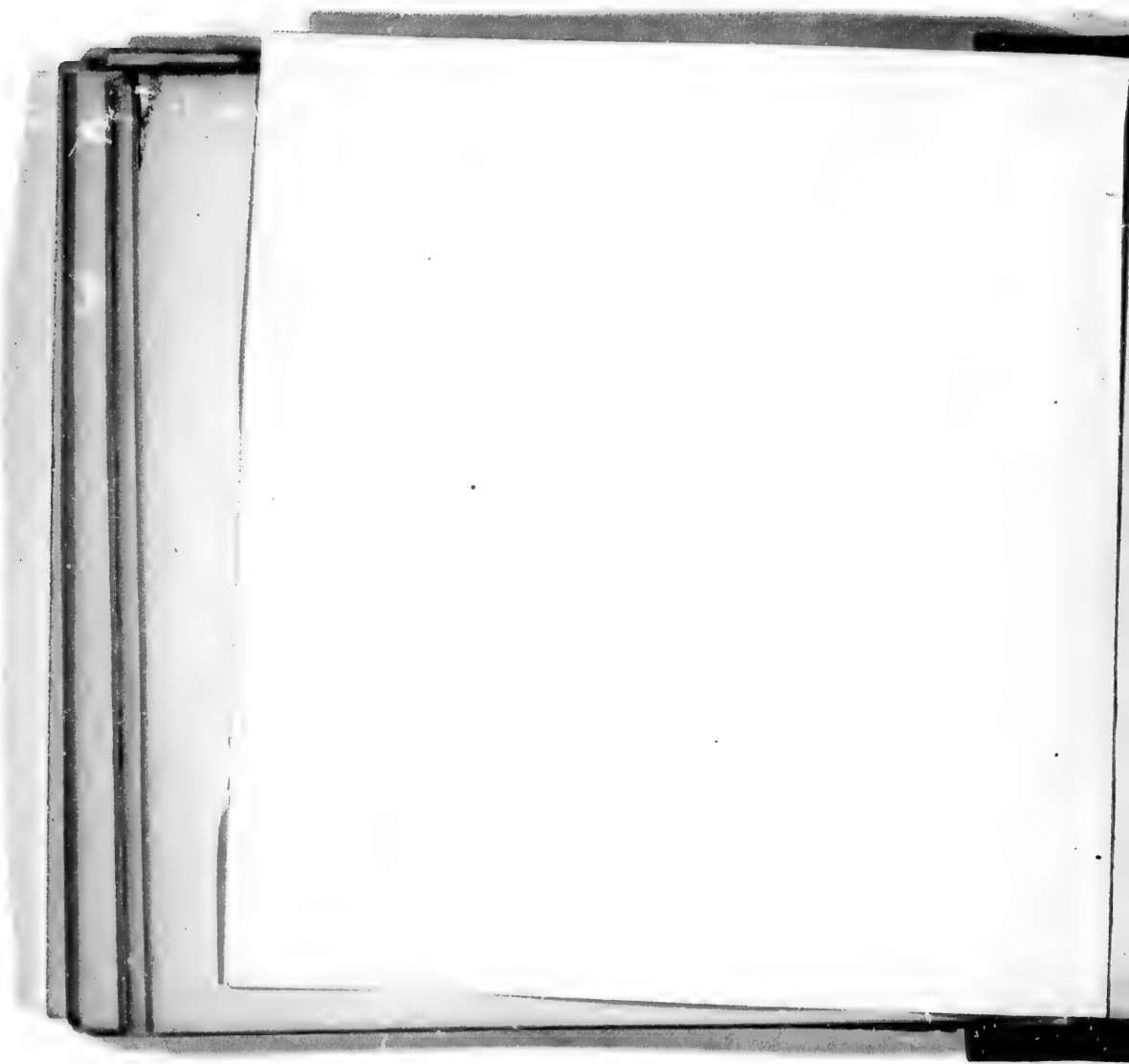


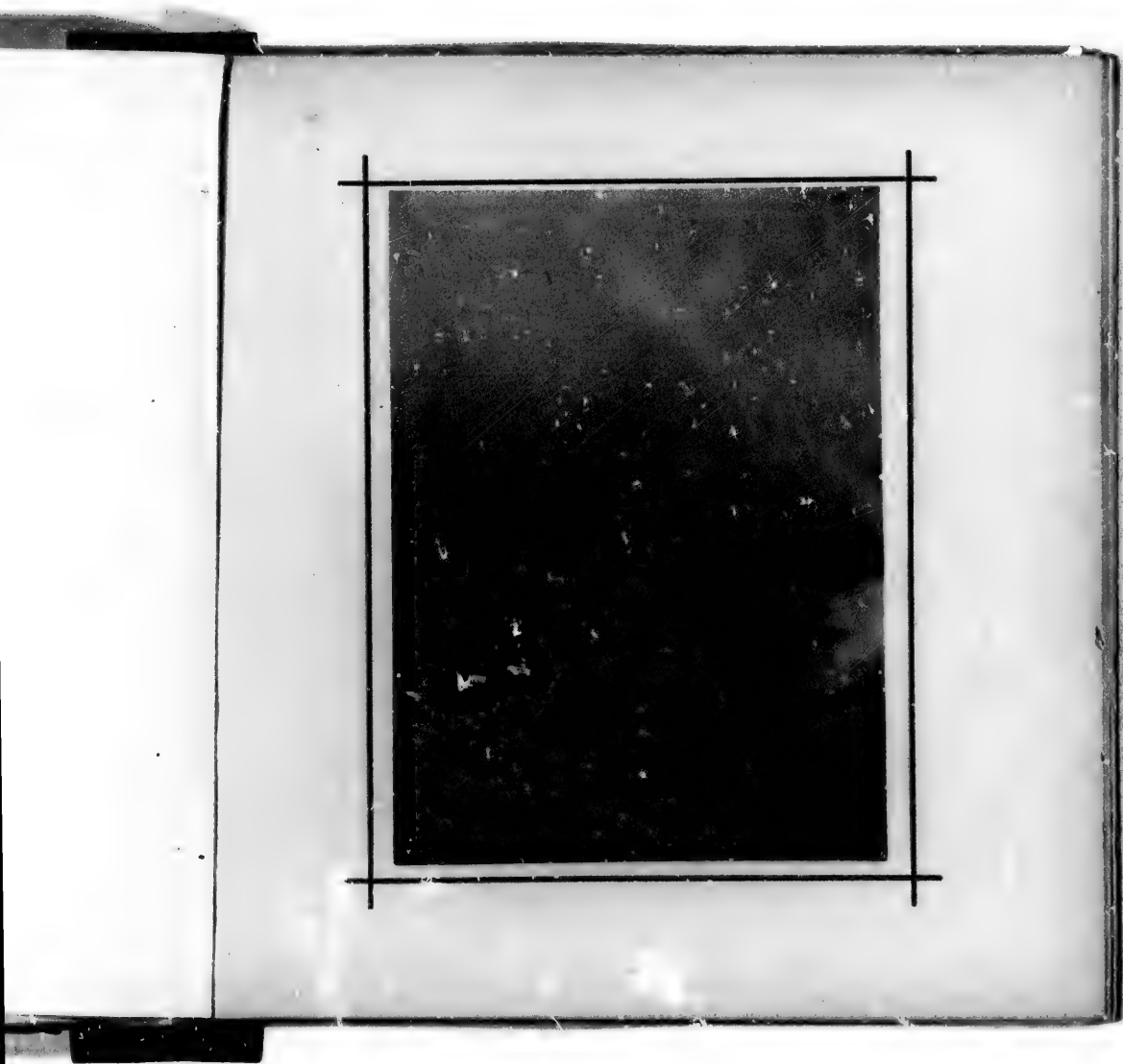


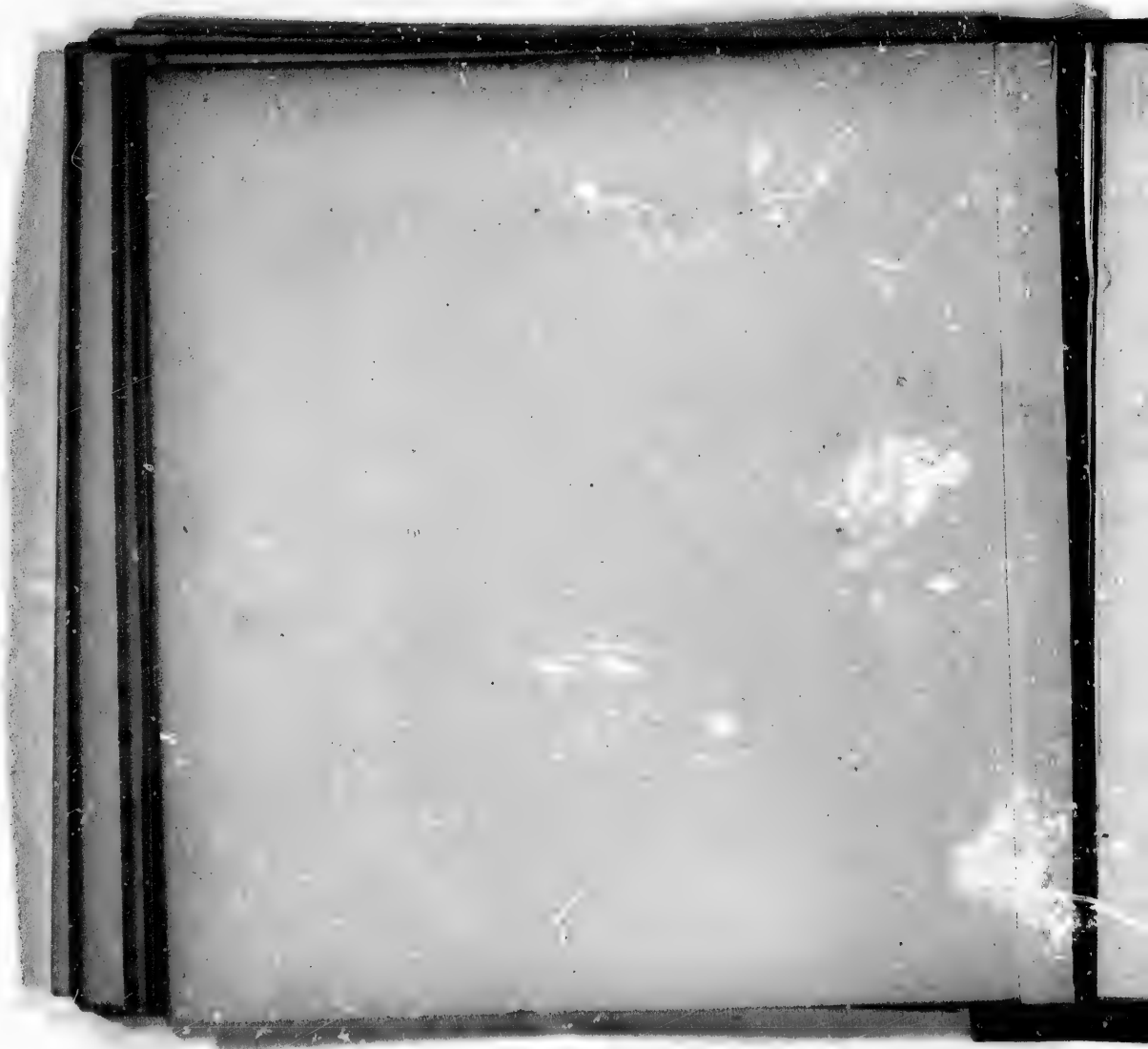




THIS rock imperial guards the plunging waters at the left of the American Falls. The spray constantly shrouds it with a veil of sublimity such as only the Rock of Ages vies with. Past it, the seething torrent flees, like an army before the roused citadel of some feudal prince.

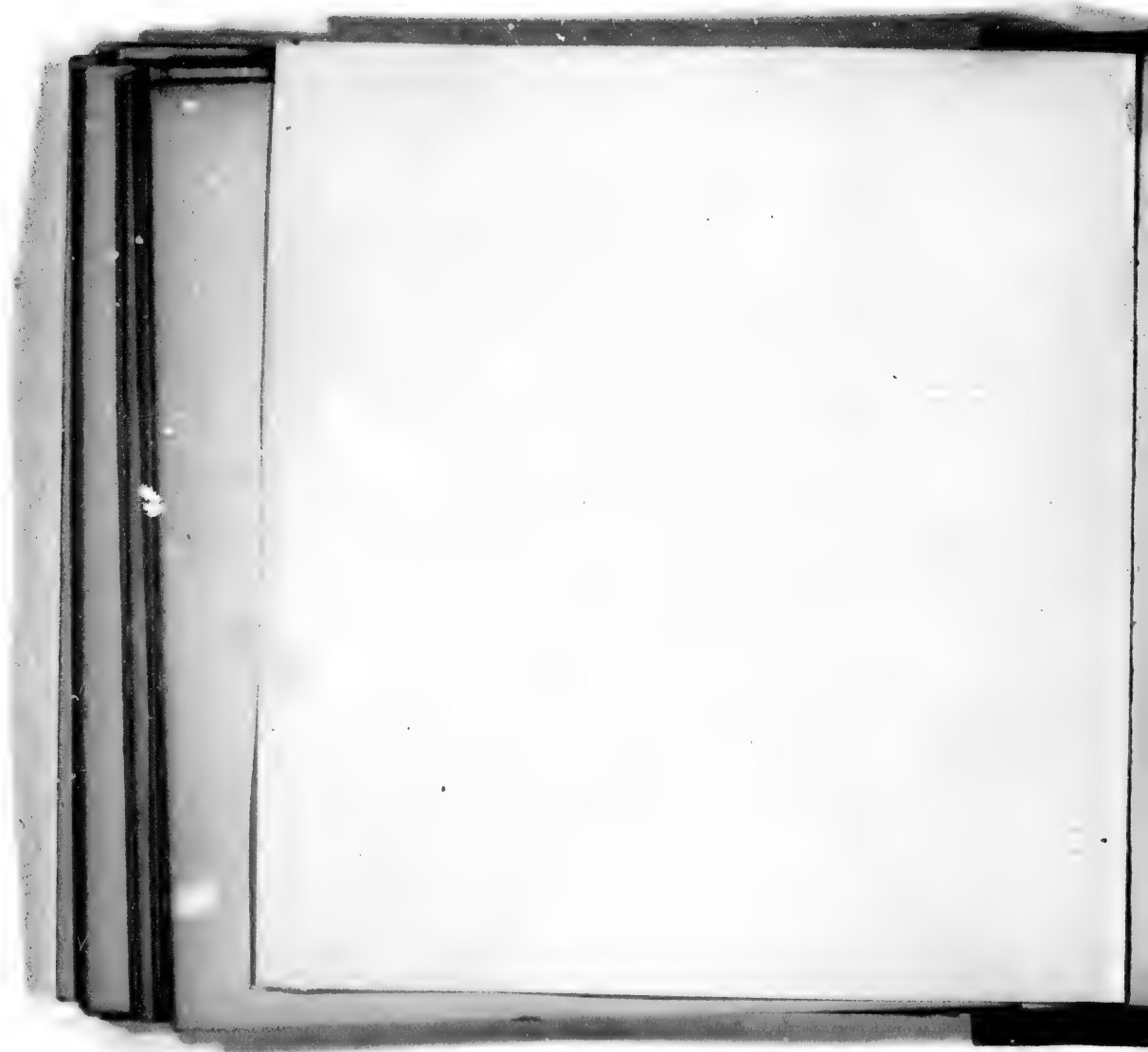


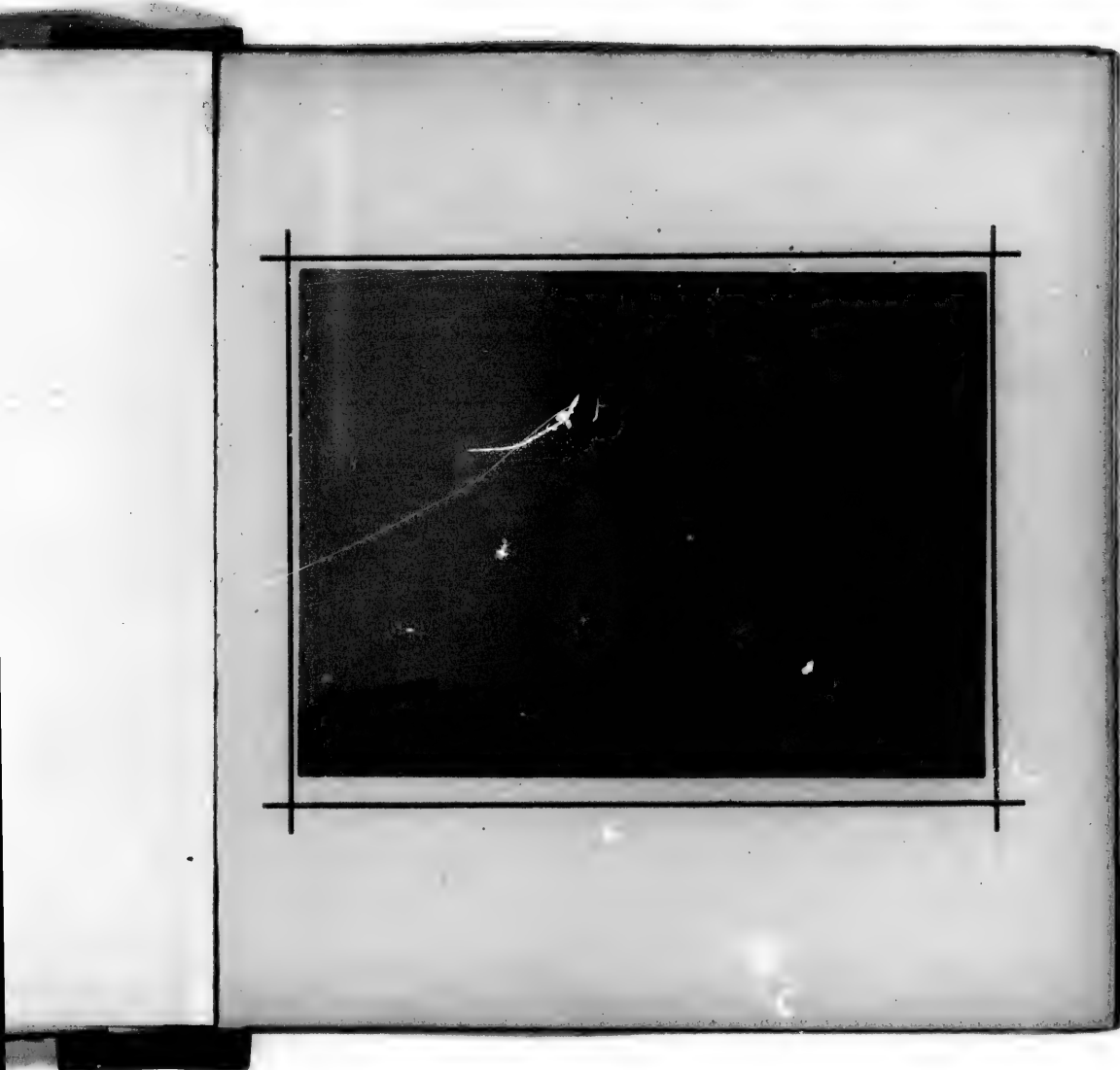




The Last Descent into the  
Cave of the Winds.

Now the water plunges with a resounding knell!  
-The spray idly dashes upon the jagged sides;  
but, pass adown the path a few rods, and  
the might of a thousand tempests is upon you, with its  
foreboding promise of eternal torment. Only beneath  
the Falls is the majesty terrible.



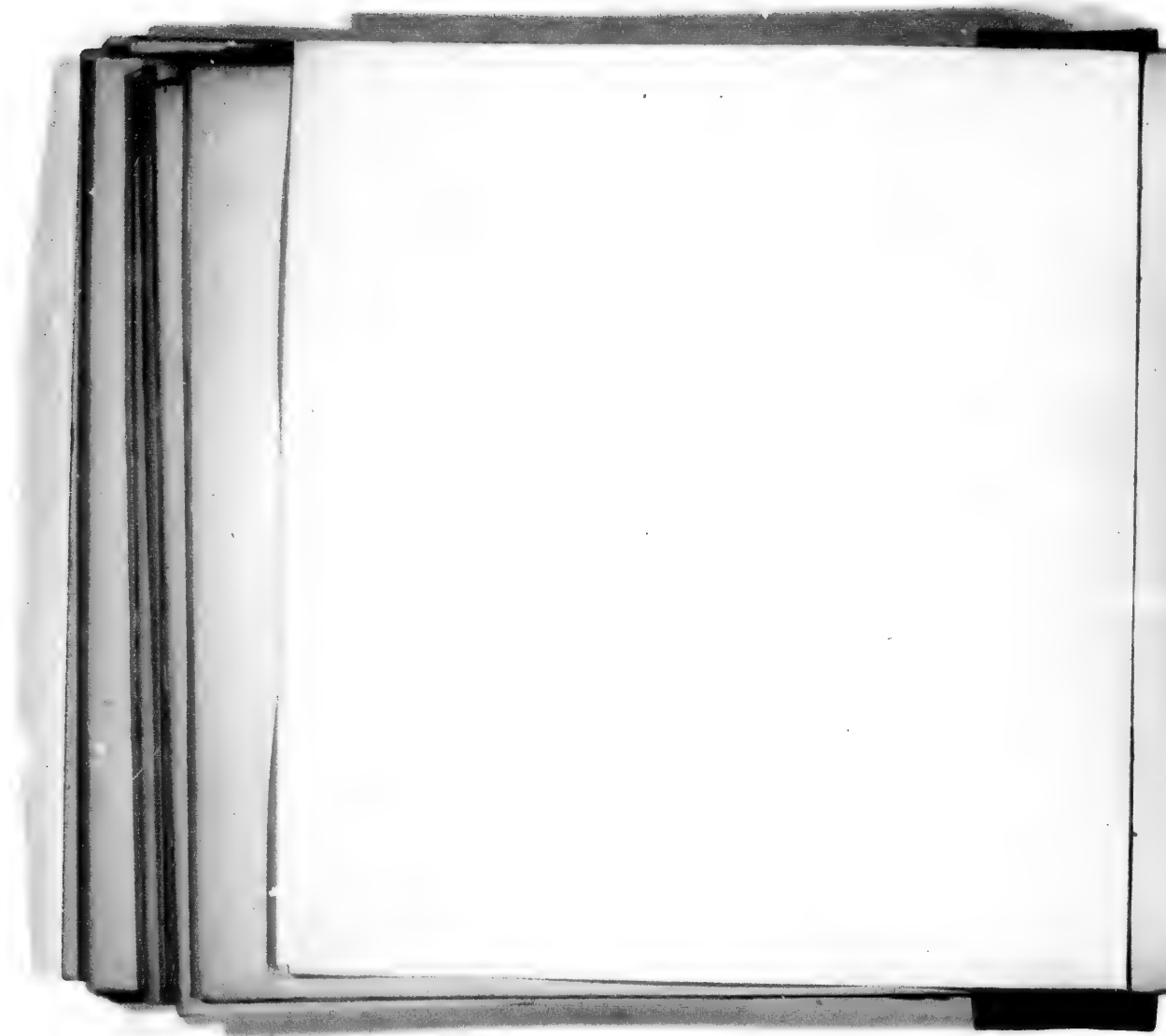






The Pathway from the  
Cave of the Winds.

TURN about, and the tranquil river seems not to have been fed with the incessant flow. The returning path from the place of torment is not alone worn by the tread of feet. Above, the precipice somewhat overhangs the ledge. From it, the tears of many hidden springs ooze out. Still the azure green lures us onward.

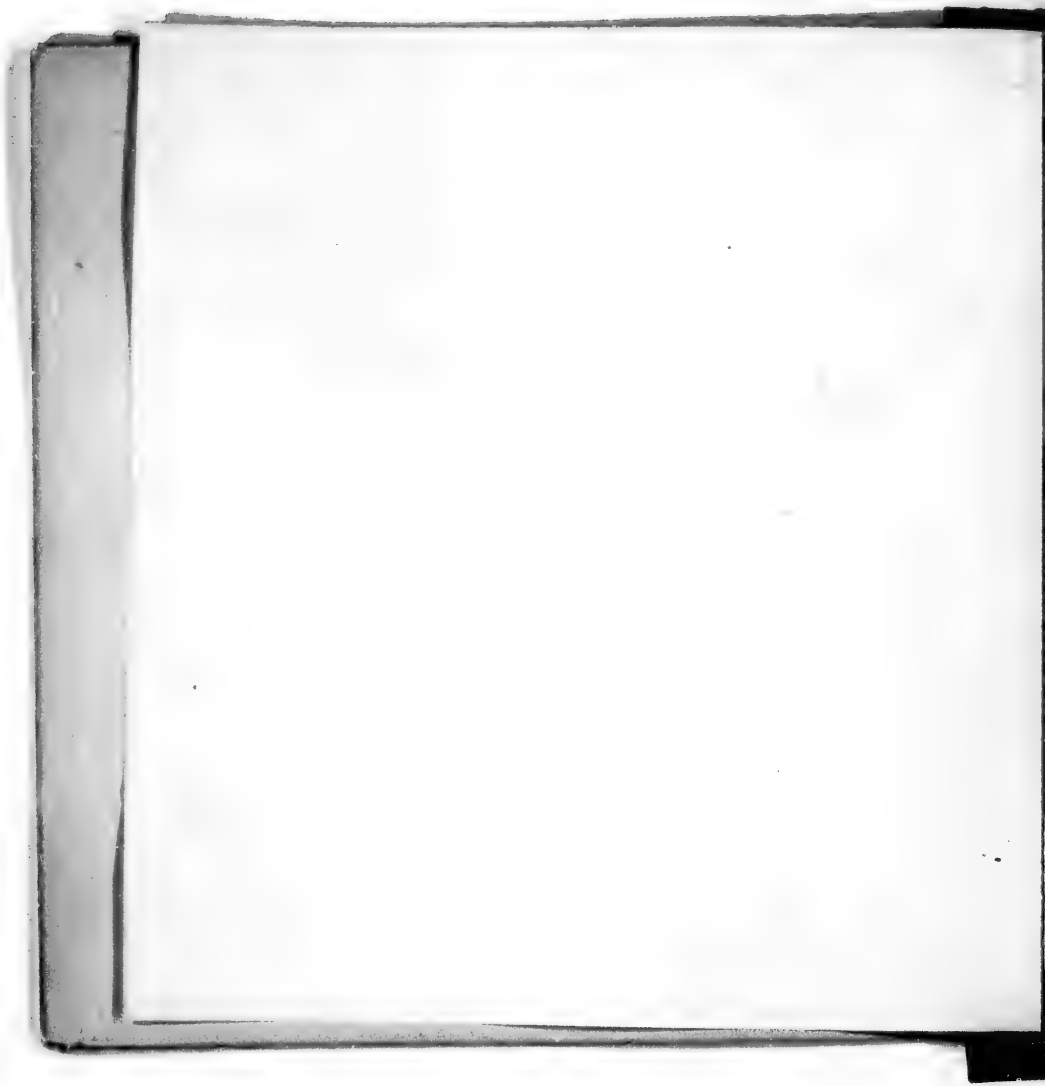






The Falls Over the Cave of the Winds  
from the Canadian Side.

THE true observer must pass and repass o'er the  
paths which never become too familiar; he must  
look, not once, but many times, and even as the  
last look is the clearest, the first vision is the judgment  
gauged with the imagination.









The Horseshoe Falls from  
Inspiration Point.

SEE the mist aspire to obliterate the azure green  
of the waters! Ah! but look upon it once, and  
that one vision will be the ideal which will  
never change. These Falls represent the sublimity of  
motion, even as Mount Washington is the symbol of  
rest.

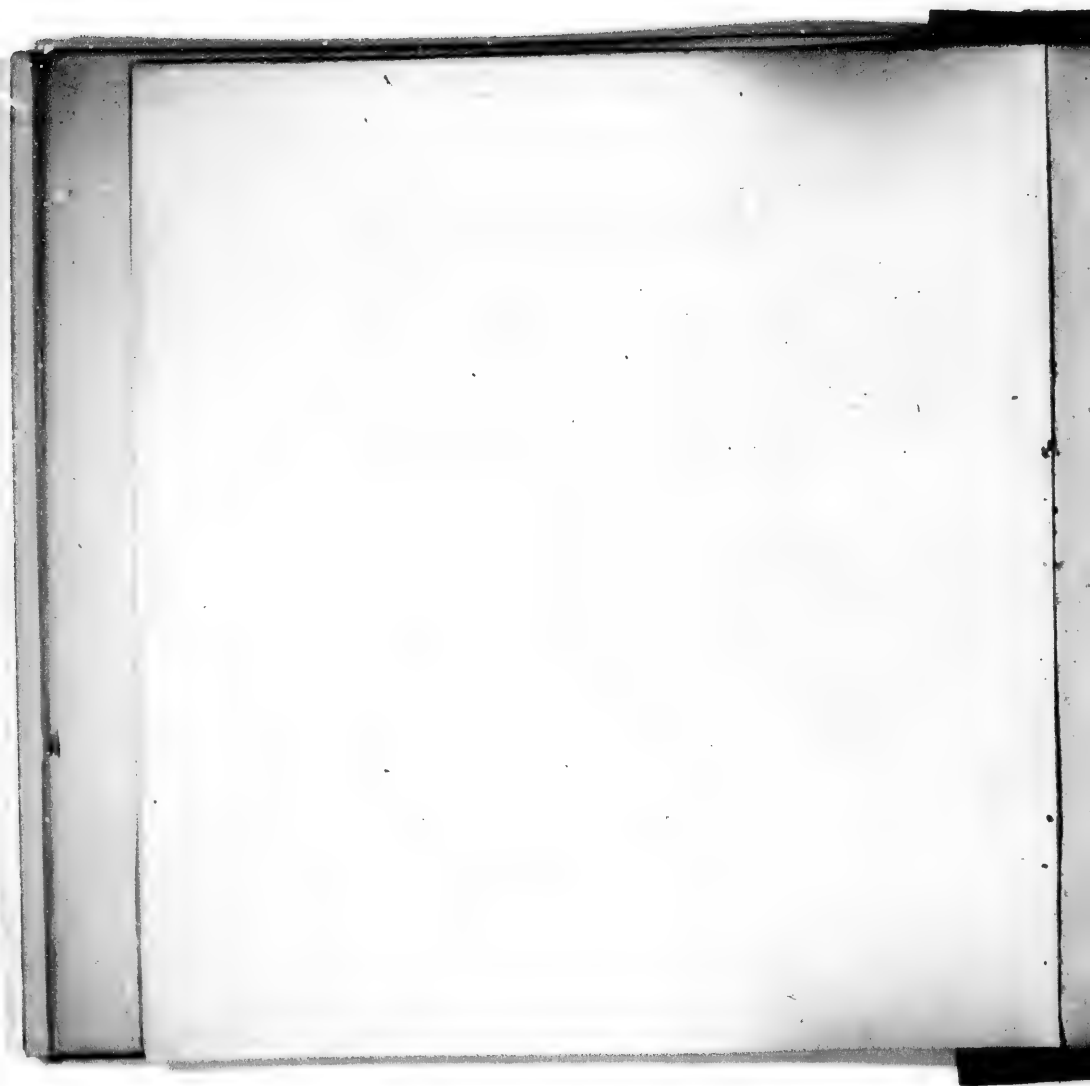




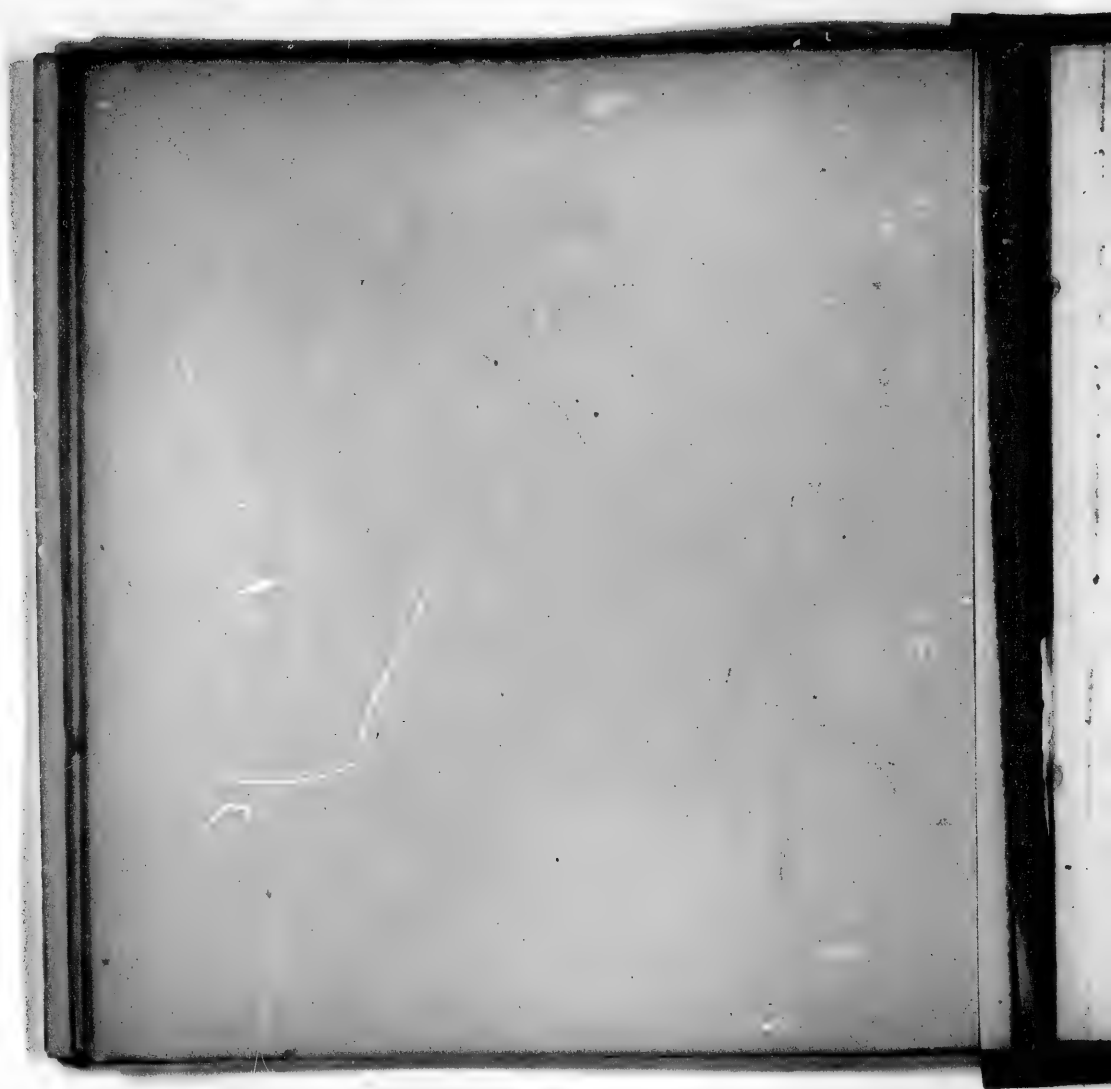


Looking South from Dufferin  
Island.

FAR away the white mist arises, shifting from east to west, and from west to east again, yet ever present for one's eyes to linger upon as a mark of identity with his own nature.

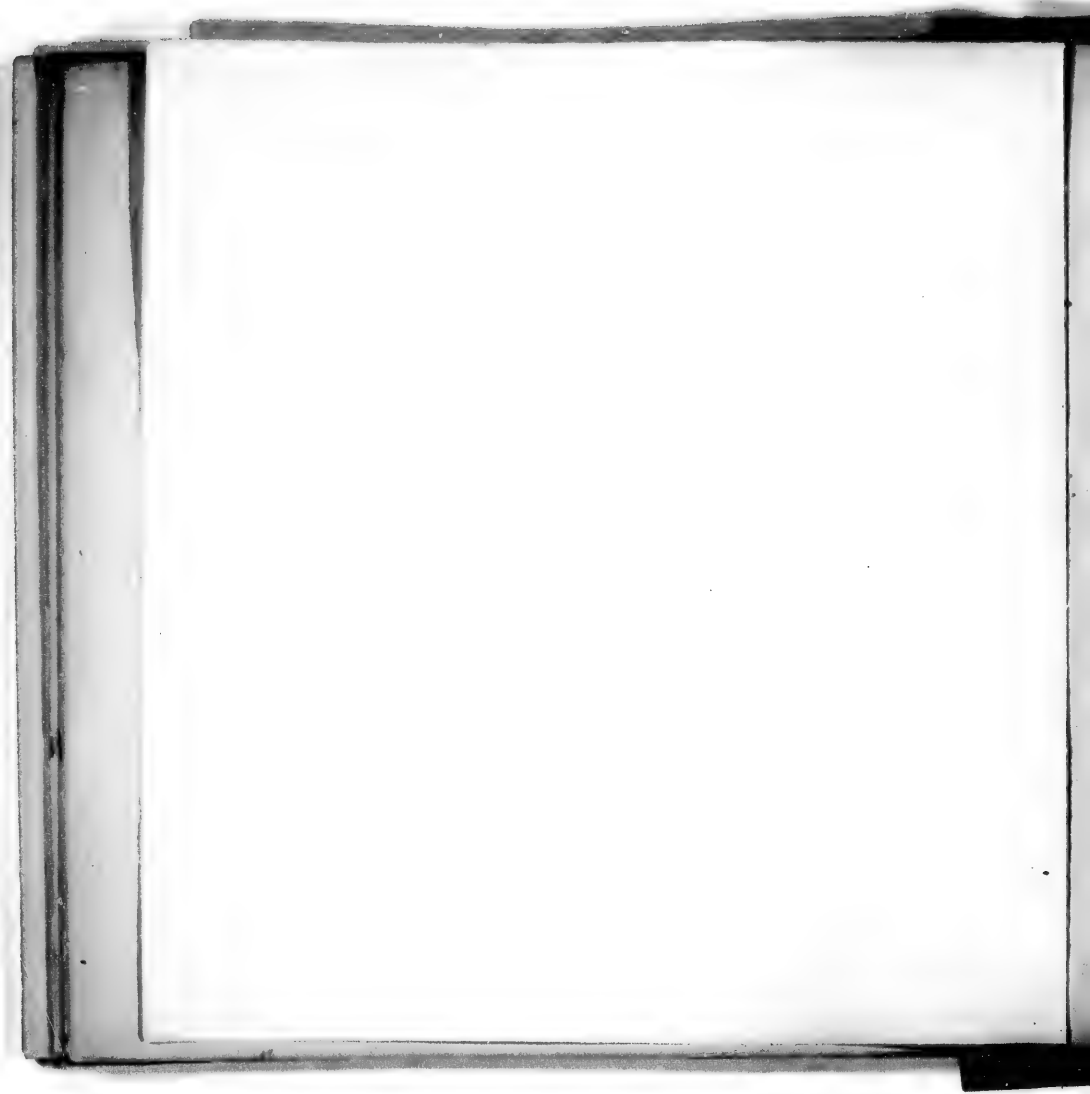


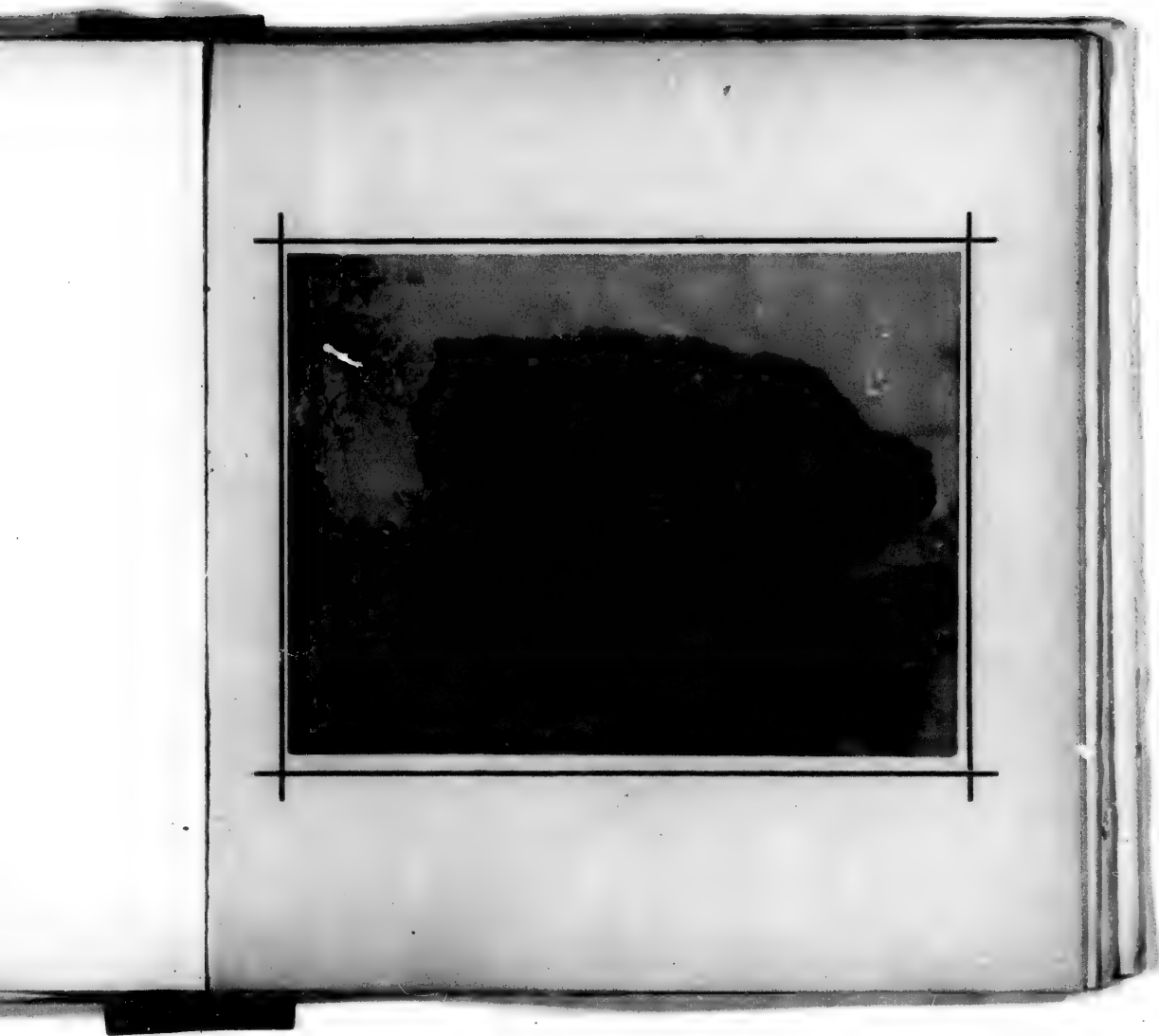


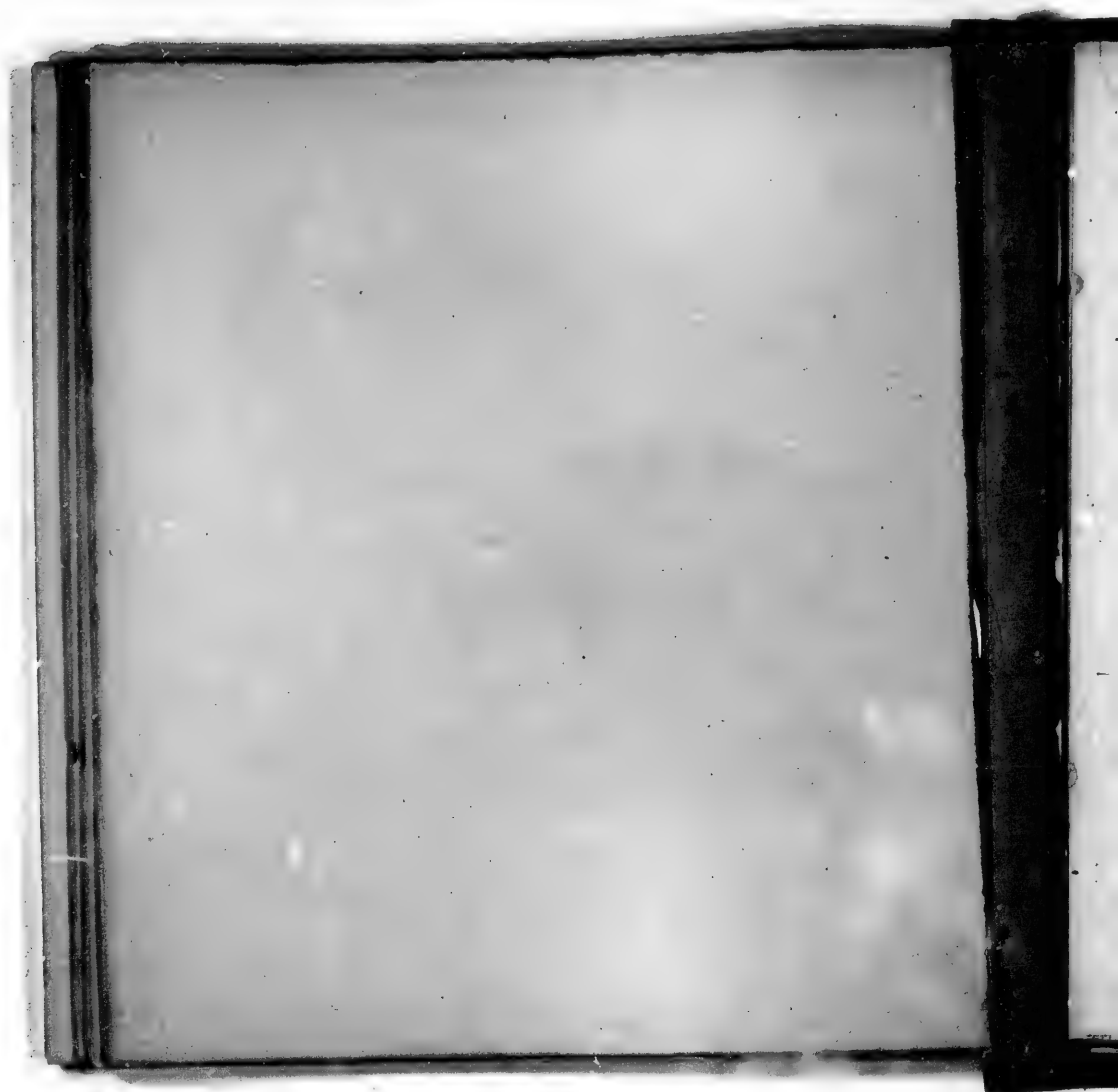




NATURE seems to have strewn a careless garland  
before this honorable boulder, set aside on  
little Sister Island, by the Canadian Rapids, in  
their flight. The spray sprinkles the rock at times,  
when it seems bedecked with jewels.







*The Canadian Rapids.*

WHEN the sun illumines the ripples and the spray,  
and the songs of the lesser falls are interpreted to the ear of man, then alone is he susceptible to the majesty of the scene.

